

Reply

You said I was pretty that evening
of a thousand birds, their wings
beat darkly up from your soft mouth,
sweeping the moon

away. The few who come here now drop
at odds. Querulous. Chatter.
Old old old!

So your sighing friend has journeyed
from your new village asking me
to write you after...
too long,

this moon, just risen, trembling
in the water

of his cedar cup. She is dead then?
Those who have died are as a swarm

of hands beckoning this white evening
to drown our shadows.

